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The Tinarly, or, Golden nugget song book

London

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Control Number: ADE-6042
OCLC Number : 27601333
Call Number : W PN970.E5 TINAx
Title : The Tinarly, or, Golden nugget song book.
Imprint : London : Pattie, [18--]
Format : p. [49]-[66] ; 20 cm.
Note : Cover title.
Note : Running title on p. [50], [65]-[66]: New and favourite songs
Note : Without music.
Subject : Chapbooks, English.

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Film Size: 35mm microfilm
Image Placement: IIB
Reduction Ratio: 8:1
Date filming began: 9-1-94
Camera Operator: CG

PRICE ONE PENNY

THE

TINARLY

OR GOLDEN NUGGETT

SONG BOOK,

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Love and Money
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Without a Saturday Night with all the dialogue
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Wonderful nose

LONDON: Pattie 31, Paternoster Row EC

OH THE MONEY, BLOW THE MONEY!

A New Comic Song. J. A, Hardwick.

Air,—Bonnie Breasts Knots.

Oh, the money, blow the money, oh, the money rests not,
Hang the money, curse the money, oh, the money rests not.
If you only have a crown,
Oh, how soon it dwindles down,
Till you've not a single brown—
For oh the money rests not,
Oh the money, blow the money, &c.

With my Polly, she's so jolly, oh, the money rests not,
Half a guinea, like a niny, spends she, for it rests not.
Anything she fancies cheap,
Buying them at that she'll keep—
Into my pockets she dips deep—
For the money rests not,
Oh, the money, blow the money, &c.

To be happy, oft I'm sappy, and my money rests not,
Out, sight-seeing, at my spreeing, oh, my money rests not.
On Saint Monday, off we're dashing,
Down to Gravesend Gardens splashing,
And all pleasure flies the cash in—
For the money rests not,
Oh, the money, blow the money, &c.

For the taxes, on our backs is, oh, the money rests not,
Ever paying, that's the way in, money goes, it rests not.
Every morning to our dwelling,
Out for some hard tax we're shelling—
How it goes there is no telling—
But the money rests not,
Oh, the money, blow the money, &c.

Comes a baby, flabby, dabby, and the money rests not
Doctor winking, nurse gin drinking oh, the money rests not.
Save five pounds, and how its swindled,
Out of you, and down it's dwindled,
Till your rage is highly kindled—
For the money rests not,
Oh, the money, blow the money, &c.

For their togging, and their progging, oh, the money rests not,
Kids increasing, tin decreasing, ah, the money rests not.
Nine in family makes you seedy,
No wonder dads are often needy
And almost good to hook it speedy—
For the money rests not,
Oh, the money, blow the money, &c.

Drat the money, hang the money, oh, the money rests not,
Never saving, never having, oh, the money rests not,
Slaving, like a noble briton,
In the world to tidy get on,
But you never move a bit on—
For the money rests not,
Oh, the money, blow the money, &c.

Thus we go it, well we know it, that the money rests not,
In our pocket, we cant lock it, still the money rests not.
What we earn is soon expended,
But to enjoy it was intended—
So be jolly, till life's ended,
Tho' the money rests not.

(And we're all of us often obliged to say to ourselves)

Oh, the money, blow the money,—
Oh, the money rests not—
Hang the money, dam the money—
For the money rests not.

O! QUARTER DAY!

Parody on "O, Charming May" Snng by Mr. T. K. Reeves.

O, quarter day! got the rent to pay,
O, quarter day! blessed rent to pay,
You're the time to give landlords the go-bye;
And step it, beneath the foggy sky.
The tin may be right, the goods may be free,
But no horrible quarter day for me;
Bringing Broker, sour, with tip up, my flower!
Dreadful, horrid, awful, dreadful quarter day.

O, quarter day, got the rent to pay,
O, quarter day, lodgers run away.
All up very soon, shooting the moon,
At dreadful, fearful, quarter day.
There is sadness, so glum, in the landlords face,
To find the tenants been stripping the place;
There's a seizure in sight, which I ever fear,
At quarter day, worst day of the year,
Oh, Quarter Day! &c,

O, quarter day! cold, wet, and grey,
O, quarter day! rent and tax to pay.
Dear spouse in a passion, and man in possession,
Alarming, alarming, alarming quarter day!
Three bobbies with the measles laid up in ed
Worrging, flurrying, hurrying, and dread,
The sticks collared off oh, vision so sweet!
No mags, no rags, but the key of the street,
Oh, quarter day, wretched, frightful, quarter day.

Oh, Quarter Day &c.

THE AGE OF GLASS.

Written by J. A, Hardwick.

Air.—Guy Faukes.

We've had the Golden Age, sir, the Iron Age, the Brass Age,
But now I'll take some pains (panes) to prove we live in a sort of glass age.
'Tis "diamond cut diamond" all, from high class to lower class,
And so we shall go smashing on, till old time cracks his hour glass.
Glass, glass, glass,
What a mirror for reflection this enlightening Age of Glass.

White PN970.E5 TINAX

Now "Velati in Speculam," and slightly
"In Terrorem,"
That men are nothing more than glass,
we'll see if we can show them—
But though *transparent*, I have found, so
many scenes I've been through,
Though men are only glass, still they are
not so easy seen through.

An Epicure is *plate* glass, a stubborn,
thick, and dear one,
A Lawyer he is double glass, but not a
square, nor clear one;
An Undertaker's *ground* glass, to think
of makes us qualmy,
And France she is a *weather* glass, now
fair, now *change*, now *stormy*.

A Prima Donna's an *opera* glass, quiver-
ing and shaking;
And Linendraper's brittle glass, because
they're always *breaking!*
An Author, he is *sheet* glass, of other men
the faults teller—
An Optician's an *eye* glass, and a Doctor,
he's a *salt cellar*.—salts seller.

There's Criuckshank, he is *bottle* glass,
casting rum reflections,
And Boz, he is a looking glass, that show
men their complexions:
From rich cut wine to poor blown gin,
all's glass from high to humble,
The glutton is a *gobler* (gobble it), and the
lushington's a *tumbler!*

A Policeman's a *watch* glass, and Dyers
they are *stained* glass,
A Duke, a *polished pier* (peer) glass, the
people only plain glass;
A thief he is a *finger* glass, a *spectacle* for
twilight,
A trumpeter s a *window* (winder) a Astro-
nomer's a *sky-light*.

But those who live in glass houses, stones
should never throw, sir;
We had a great *pane* (Paine) *cracked*, I
think, not many years ago, sir,
And as glass is just like Royalty, we can-
not do without it;
Why, if they'll only take the duty off,
we'll say no more about it.

Glass, glass, glass.
What a mirror for reflection, this
enlightened age of Glass!

THE STOLEN CHILD.

Alone on the heather a fair child was
straying,
Whose innocent features were brightened
with joy;
And as 'mid the flowers he carelessly was
playing,
My heart yearned with love and I ran to
the boy;
"Young stranger, whence art thou," his
blue eyes upturning,
He answered, "My home is yon tent on the
plain;
And ere the eve closes I must be returning,
Or they will not let me roam hither again,
"Do thy parents await thee?"
He paused, and the gladness
That mantles his brow, was overshaded
with gloom:
"I saw them but once," and he added with
sadness,
"They tell me that both are asleep in the
tomb
The gipsey was kind, but my mother is
fonder,
She sang me so sweetly to rest in her arm;
But now she is gone and her darling must
wander,
Though the soft words she whispered my
bosom still warms,
"And soon will I seek them where both
are reposing,
And take my best flowers and plant by thier
side,
That summer when all her tints are
unclosing,
May bless the green turf with their beauty
and prize.
He bounded away as my tears were fast
falling,
To think how the gipsey such love had
beguiled:
I saw him no more, but the sad tale recalling
I often remember the poor stolen child.

ROBBER'S GLEE.

The tiger couches in the wood,
And waits to shed the traveller's blood
And so couch we;
We spring upon him to supply,
What men unto our wants deny,
And so springs he.

AN OBSTINATE GAL.

Written by John Labern, Esq.

Tune—My Grandfather was a most wonderful Man

Of an obstinate buffer, I've sung and I've said,
And often he's sent you home merry to bed
Now, it seems, the complaint has touched one of his flock,
A feminine chip of that obstinate block.
If her cranium you could but inspect, I declare, [find there.
A precious big lump of "self-will" you'd
The obstinate buffer forget I ne'er shall,
But what do you think of his obstinate gal.

She's a good-looking creature, and on her I'm sweet, [conceit;
But her obstinate ways puts me out of
She says, when I ask her to alter her state,
That a man's not a man till he's turn'd fifty-eight.
If a beggar solicits a copper, 'tis said,
She insists upon giving him silver instead.

Whenever it happens to rain, out she'll go,
And declares nothing else in the world makes her grow;
To make herself genteel, she eats her meat rare,
And swallows a black draught to make her look fair;
She always in deep mourning goes to a ball,
And declares Taglioni's no dancer at all.

She says that Paul Bedford's mistaken his forte, [and he ought;
He'd play Hamlet much better than Kean,
She declares when Lablache to the Opera does go,
In two cabs he's obliged his big body to stow
And what's more, she will have it, that Lady Macbeth
Was as feeling a creature as ever drew breath.

If you offer her champagne, she'd sooner have real, [it's genteel;
And wears flesh-colour'd stockings because
She never will laugh at the funniest jokes,
But if it's a bad one, she roars till she chokes
When she goes to the play in an obstinate fit,
She pays to the boxes, and sits in the pit.

She will drink salt water whenever she's dry, [making a pie;
And wears white kid gloves while she's
She does as she likes, or she'll kick up a breeze;
And she will have mint sauce over duck and green peas;
In asparagus season she takes a delight,
And in eating both ends, and will have it it's right.

Tho' she's good at her figures, I must calculate,
The young hussey will have it that 6 and 4 makes eight;
She declares, tho' we can't get at what she means, [sixteen;
That no chap's a real bachelor after he's
She says it's a fact, if we doubt we're brutes,
That Eve wore a bustle, and Adam wore boots.

She sticks to it, couldn't I give her a smack,
Walter Scott was a Frenchman, and Shakspeare a black;
And vows, long before the Queen Albert did meet,
A large barrel organ he ground in the street
She persists hard and fast that Lady Jane Grey,
And Jane Shore, lost their lives on the Greenwich Railway.

She will have it, that Rothschild is not worth a rap,
And that Lord Harry Broom's a good looking chap;
What's worse, she declares, though I treat it with scorn,
She remembers quite well just before she was born,
When her mother wore pattens one day on her feet,
For she heard them distinctly click clack down the street.
The obstinate buffer, forget I ne'er shall,
But what do you think of this obstinate gal?

THE JOYS OF A SATURDAY NIGHT.

Written by Thomas Ramsay.

Air—Jenny Jones.

The Saturday night comes,
And with it delight comes,
My Harry returns with a smile on his face;
And where'er he engages,
He brings all his wages,
And makes quite a heaven of our little place.

We've no words, no malice,
Our home's like a palace,
We both pull one way, and we've nothing like strife,
He's strict to his labour,
Belov'd by his neighbour,
And dotingly fond of his dear little wife.

Oh, what so bright is,
As Saturday night is,
When all the long week days are pass'd by and gone;
Oh, how my eyes glisten,
I eagerly listen,
To hear my dear Harry's rat-tat at the door.

I fly up to meet him,
And eagerly greet him,
He gives me a kiss with such hearty delight,
He calls me his honey,
He throws me his money,
Oh, how delightful is Saturday night.

So with picking and choosing,
That and this still refusing,
And picking the market, with pleasure we roam,
We make our decision,
Select our provision,
And like Darby and Joan, we jog merrily home.

We live quite in clover,
For when supper's over,
He's full of his fun, I'm full of delight,
Then he pulls off his shoes,
And perhaps reads the news,
And how in my heart I love Saturday night.

Spoken.—But how they get on that have no Saturday night I can't make out; there is that poor Mrs. Gupe, in the back room, she has lived there this three months, and has never had a Saturday night yet. Her husband works hard all the week to pay a public-house score on Saturday, and comes home with empty pockets to empty cupboards and empty stomachs and full hearts. There she sits a skeleton in rags, the personification of wretchedness—the squalid children, the pictures of starvation—he sits as the fiend of drunkenness, presiding over the desolation he has made—she upbraids him—he strikes her at his feet—rushes out with the last devoted shilling to return no more, leaving his wife the inmate of a parish coffin and a pauper's grave, and children the tenants of a workhouse—and all through not bringing a Saturday night home. How different with me and my Harry. Off we go to market. What shall we have? Some poultry, *duck*, says I. If you like chick, says he—and I am not such a goose to refuse him. Sometimes he chooses a bit of pork, but he won't touch spare-rib. If he has a joint of mutton he won't have turnips—and he will never take sauce, he hates tongue—and can't bear calf's head, though he is fond of brains—he likes puddings and pies, but he hates all sorts of cakes, and he is so partial to cats and dogs, that he won't let a sausage or a penny pie come in the house were it ever so—he never takes a pledge, and never a drop too much—we are as happy as the day is long, and all thro' bringing home a Saturday night.

The Saturday night comes, &c.

WITHOUT a SATURDAY NIGHT

Air—Poor Mary Ann.

The week has wound up to an end, now,
As if in fortune's spite,
And here I stand without a friend now,
And no Saturday night.
Yet, fain I'd earn an honest shilling,
To labour hard I'm always willing,
But don't you get a shocking drilling,
Without a Saturday night.

Spoken.—Ah, the poet makes a fine fuss about Saturday night at sea, and wives make a fine fuss about Saturday night on shore, especially when they have not got one—but when they have, it's all smiles and marketing bonnet and shawl. Tommy wants a new pair of shoes, Peggy a new frock, baby a new hat, and so on. Then, lawks, Tom, what a duck of a cap, and what a sweet flower, and how cheap, too; mine is quite a fright. Lawks, Tom, you have got no tobacco, and it's almost time you had a new neck tie. What shall we have for dinner to-morrow, Tom? Oh, Tom, this is where they sell the best gin—oh, Tom, just hold baby and the basket while I get you the tobacco, and that duck of a cap—and away they go, light pockets and heavy basket—three-pen'orth of Lloyd's and a London Journal, and sixpence in your pocket for a Sunday's spree. But if you've not got a Saturday night, it's

Weaker and weaker every week gets,
Stronger troubles grows;
Harder and harder every squeak gets,
All your friends turn foes.
Former pals have all great guns got,
You of course have lots of duns got,
When they find you have no funds got,
And no Saturday night.

Spoken.—'Tis then you get the cold shoulder—the first cut—but not cut and come again—and yet I tried to keep up appearances, but appearances won't keep up me—an outward sign is not an inward stamina—and strong words off a weak stomach is like a table cloth without a dinner, or a purse without money—and as much use as a boot-jack is to a grasshopper, or a watch pocket to a pig—a man without a Saturday night may as well be without a head, for 'tis the head and front of his offendings—his head is in a bag, he is sack'd, he is shot, he's got the bullet—in short, he is on the high road to a low station, and has the long odds to short commons.

But the worst of all this evil,
Is domestic spite;

You'll find a wife the very devil,
Without a Saturday night.
Things fly about all helter skelter,
Wife gets out for such a pelter,
'Tis ten to one but you do welt her,
On a Saturday night.

Spoken.—Talk of burning mountains, hurricanes, shipwrecks, fields of battle, fire spouts, water spouts, uncles' spouts, and bugs on a hot night—why it's all a flea bite to a wife, without a saturday night. There she sits snorting and blowing like a steam engine at boiler bursting pitch—*imitating*—Then she starts, this is the style—Ah, a nice Saturday night this—a duck of a Sunday's dinner to-morrow, and no mistake—nobs of chairs and pump handles—and long sniffs at neighbours joints—do cry, Bobby, father will put a flat iron in soak for him, so he will—ah, he is a duck of a father, looks for work and prays he may not find it—oh, he's a duck—then she blows off the steam to keep her from bursting her boiler—she pokes the fire out because it is so cold. I feel inclined to give her a poke because she is so hot. Then she takes the bellows and blows the fire up for going out, and blows me up for keeping in—then she breaks some crockery by accident, for the purpose. I can stand it no longer, my patience is tired out, I start up and pull a Saturday night out of my pocket. This changes the wind—the storm becomes a calm—frowns become smiles—flat iron joints of meat—nobs of chairs bread and butter, &c.—she sits on my knee—plays with my whiskers—I become as great a fool as ever, and we wind it up in the usual way—going marketing, and all that—but if you've not got a Saturday night, it's

The week has wound up, &c.

TO GUARD FROM FOES HER NATIVE LAND.

When Vulcan forg'd the bolts of Jove,
In Ætna's roaring glow,
Neptune petition'd he might prove
Their use and power below;
But finding in the boundless deep,
Such thunders would but idly sleep,
He with them arm'd Britannia's hand,
To guard from foes her native land.

Long may she hold the awful right,
And when thro' circling flame,
She darts her vengeance in the fight,
May justice guide her aim!
While if assailed in future wars
Her Soldiers brave and gallant Tars,
Shall launch her fires from every hand,
On every foe to Britain's land.

THERE'S A WAR TIME COMING ON!

Written by Thomas Ramsey.—As sung in London and the provinces.

There's a war time coming on, a war time coming on—
To support great freedom's cause,
Subvert and crush a tyrant's laws—
A war time has come on.
Liberty her flag unfurls,
What patron can be stronger?
And defiance at oppression hurls,
We'll stand his game no longer,
For a war time has come on, &c.

A war time has come on, &c.
The Bear, thought none would note the deed,
While he did on the Turkey feed—
But a war time has come on.
This Bear met crawling round the church
He thought no plea was stronger,
To lick the Turkey off his perch—
But he'll keep his perch yet longer.
Now a war time has come, &c.

A war time has come on, &c.
Then France and England have combin'd,
In the good cause their forces joined,
Now a war time has come on.
Then balls given by England and by France—
What music can be stronger—
Will teach this rude old Bear to dance,
He shall rule the roast no longer.
A war time has come on, &c.

A war time has come on, &c.,
Where this Bear does place his foot,
Injustice and misrule take root—
So a war time has come on—
He'd shackle freedom, crush the brave,
But freedom's arm is stronger,
And scorns to live a branded slave,
She'll bear the scorge no longer!
So a war time has come on, &c.

A war time has come on, &c.,
When Nick first saw our household troops
He treated them as England's dupes—
But a war time has come on.
Up guards and at 'em! is the cry,
What summons can be stronge?
Before these troops this Bear will fly,
He'll think them dupes no longer!
Now a war time has come on &c.

A war time has come on, &c.,
The blood by Poles and Hungarians shed,
Calls heavy on the tyrants head—
Now a war time has come on.
The Europe murder of the brave,
What coward's shame glows stronger,
So sadly hurled in watery grave,
Lay unavenged no longer—
Now a war time has come on, &c.

A war time has come on, &c.,
Tho' powerful the tyrant be,
We'll lash him well by land and sea—
Now a war time has come on.
Napier his flag unfurls again,
What banner shall be stronger?
For Britannia long has ruled the main,
And means to rule it longer—
Now a war time has come on.

SAINT PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

Oh, Saint Patrick was a gentleman,
And came from decent people—
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple,
His father was a Gallagher—
His mother was a Brady—
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,
First cousin to O'Grady!
Oh, success attend Saint Patrick's fist!
For he's a handsome saint, O!
O, he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
He's a beauty without paint, O!

The Wicklow hills are very high,
And so's the hill of Howth, sir—
But there's a hill much higher still—
Much higher than them both, sir,
'Twas on the top of this big hill,
Saint Patrick preached his sarmint,
That drove the frogs into the bogs,
And bother'd all the varmint.

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle,
Where dirty vermin musters,
But there he put his dear fore foot,
And murdered them in clushers,
The toads went pop, the frogs went plop
Slip dash into the water,
And the snakes committed suicide,
To save themselves from slaughter!

No wonder that those Irish lads
Should be so free and frisky,
For sure Saint Pat, he taught them that,
As well as drinking whiskey,
No wonder that the Saint himself
To drink it should be willing—
Since his mother kept a shebeen shop,
In the town of Enniskillen.

Oh, was I but so fortunate,
But to be back in Munster,
'Tis I'd be bound, that from that ground
I never more would once stir.
'Twas there Saint Patrick planted turf,
And plenty of the praties—
With pigs galore, and grog a store,
And cabbages and ladies.

THE MINUTE GUN.

When in the storm on Albion's coast,
The night-watch guards his wary post,
From thoughts of danger free,
He marks some vessel's dusky form,
And hears, amid the howling storm,
The minute gun at sea.

Swift on the shore a hardy few,
The life boat man with gallant crew,
And dare the dangerous wave
Through the wild surf they cleave their way
Lost in the foam nor know dismay,
For they go the crew to save.

But oh! what rapture fills each breast,
Of the hopeless crew of the ship distress'd!
Then, landed safe, what joy to tell
Of all the dangers that befell;
Then heard is no more,
By the watch on the shore,
The minute gun at sea.

MAY HE WHO WANTS GRATITUDE.

The being devoid of bright gratitude's flame
Is a wretch without title unworthy a name;
To this motto with firmness unceasing I'll bend,
May he who wants gratitude e'er want a friend.

Here rest in my bosom, and never depart,
Give soul to each feeling and warmth to my heart,
While the cherish'd reflection with life shall but end,
May he who wants gratitude e'er want a friend.

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

Sung by Mr. J. Sharpe and J. Henry.
Music, Sheppard, Newgate-st.

CHANT.

Once upon a time, for so runs my rhyme,
Which for place in the Island of Corsica we pitch,
There were two twin brothers extremely like each other,
Indeed, both were so like t'other you could'nt tell neither from which.

And 'tis also a strange fact, these brothers had also made a compact,
One was called Fabian, t'other Louis by name),
That one should come to the other, if any thing happened, and say brother, 'I'm killed, avenge me!
And the other was obliged to do the same.

Their fraternal sympathy was such, and I'm not saying too much,
And I could bring instances to prove it if I please,
That though one was in Paris a Lawyer,
And t'other in Corsican a top-sawyer

Still, if you had given Monsieur Louis a pinch of bad snuff,
Or any other stuff, at which he might have taken huff,
Monsieur Fabian so bluff, amid the mountains of Corsica so rough,
Five hundred miles away from him, would have sneezed.

'Twas on a windy morning, while talking of a ride,
Monsieur Fabian in Corsica, a stich felt in his side;
Oh, oh! said he my brother, though you're in Paris now,
There's some thing wrong, and I feel ere long you'll be in a jolly row.

This happened in Cor-si-ca,
Where they're famed for the Ven-det-ta;
You'll scarcely believe in such brotherly feeling,
But it happened in Corsica.

Monsieur Fabian sat himself down to write—
Ri tol de riddle lol de ray—said he,
About Louis I feel uneasy quite—
Ri tol de riddle lol de ray—

The candles began to look quite blue,
His brother's ghost came behind the chair, and said, b-o-o-o.
I'm killed, so I've called to mention it to you—
Ri tol de riddle lol de ray, oh, ri tol de riddle lol de ray!

Then Monsieur Fabian hardly believed his senses, his'n,
Looked to his brother's ghost, beheld a vision.
One, Chateau Renand, had a bit of bobbery,
About a lady going to a masquerade,
Said Chateau to young Louis, if you don't mean to act snobbily,
Why fight me, 'twill delight me, sir.
Young Louis said, they went to the wood at Fontainbleu,
Crossed swords, they both fought very well;
Chateau Renand was a crack fencer,
And very soon young Louis fell—
Close by a tree, gave one last groan—
Would have given just another, oh!
But before he could—
His soul had fled to tell it to his brother, oh!

Pack my carpet bag, I'm going to Paris, mother,
To challenge the blackguard that killed my brother.
I can fight wrong to right him;
I'll stick like a brick, I shall know him when I see him as sure as a gun.
They met, 'twas in the wood;
Chateau Renand flew to shun him,
That is he would, if he could,
But his eye was upon him;
You take me for a ghost,
But I tell you, you are wrong, sir;
Of your time pray make the most,
For you'll not live very long, sir.
Don't ope at me your jaws,
Or strive your fears to smother O!
Thou hast been the cause of this row—
Oh, my brother,
With your tierce and your crate, Sa, sa,
Now our swords both broken are, ha, ha,
Pick that up, we'll fight as we are, oh, la!
And I'll soon start you off for Gravesend
The fight soon was o'er, Chateau Renand fell dead,
And Fabian with fighting his strength had nigh sped,
When the ghost of his brother rose up from the tree,
Saying, Brother, you've licked him, I thank you for me!—Saying, brother, you've licked him, I thank you for me

DOLLY DOBBINS.

Tune—Nix my dolly.

Kind gents, I hope I don't intrude—
And ladies don't pray think me rude—
Don't think me rude!
To ask you I'm almost afraid,
But I've come to see if you want a maid,
I'm Dolly Dobbins just out of place,
I'm Dolly, &c.

A twelvemonth's character I've got,
That doesn't bear a stain or blot—
A stain or blot!
I'm young and healthy neat and clean—
And only just turned seventeen.
I'm Dolly &c.

I'm not like some who dress and flout,
And want a place where the work's put out,
The work's put out!
I love to bustle about like fun,
And have a romp when the work's all done,
I'm Dolly &c.

My wages you can't say are dear,
I only ask ten pounds a year—
Ten pounds a year!
I've got no cousins to see, I vow,
As servants call their sweethearts now.
I'm Dolly &c.

For I can bake, and I can brew,
And I can help to drink it too—
To drink it too!
I can ride a horse or milk a cow,
Look to the poultry, and feed the sow.
I'm Dolly &c.

So ladies pray don't think I tease—
Just try me once, I'm sure to please;
I'm sure to please!
Or if any bachelor wants a nurse,
I'd advise him to take me for better for worse. I'm Dolly, &c.

WHAT ARE THE MEN ABOUT.

I really think it quite a shame—
What are the men about?
I have not had an offer yet,
Though five years I've been out.
The first who worship'd at my shrine,
Was gallant Captain Trap—
But has I had no fortune got,
Why nothing came of that.

Papa does first rate dinners give.
And that the men well know—
I really think that is the cause
So many to me bow.
There's Cornet G. for one weold year
Did at our table dine—
He swore he was attach'd to me,
And called my charms devine!

But money, ah, that was his god—
He won the rich Miss B—,
She had some twenty thousand pounds,
For that he slighted me!
Then there was little Harry F—
I thought that was a catch—
But with the wealthy Widow T—,
He since has made a match.

I'm sure Mama is very kind—
Papa's good-tempered too—
And I have got a heart to give,
But then my fortune is but small—
La, how perverse is fate!
If I had money, then the men
Would gladly on me wait!

I'm sure I wish they'd do it now,
Encouragement I'd give—
Alas! I fear that I am doomed
A cross old maid to live!
Of all you gents who hear my song,
Will not one offer me?
Don't be afraid—I'll not say no—
The question pop, and see!

MAKING A NIGHT OF IT.

Written by Mr J. A. Hardwick, and sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Joshua Stiggins had lived with a young lady beautiful.
And for a whole twelvemonth done every thing dutiful.
He lived in a half built suburban locality,
Where he heard nothing else but his lady's vocality.

He'd just settled down as a model for Benedicts,
But Fortune, alas! plays us mortals so many tricks—
He'd gave up his bachelor joys yet in spite of it,
He was tempted at last into making a night of it!

Jack Racket, his friend, was a bit of a rambler,
And 'twas whisper'd about, a rake and a gambler,
He invited poor Stiggins to go and employ himself
With him on the town, for a night to enjoy himself,

At that Joshua's face had a deal of alarm in it,
"But, damn it" says Jack, "Why there can't be no harm in it!"
The other felt scruples, but Jack he made light of it,
So he chaffed him at last into making a night of it.

He made an excuse to his spousy for leaving her,—
Like the wretches of men, at the same time deceiving her—
And she, nothing loth, when she found he'd not be with her,
Invited a Captain to come and take tea with her
Says he, 'Things they seem to be smiling auspiciously—
She doesn't suspect, nor she don't look suspiciously.'
He was glad when the villa he caught the last sight of it,
Intent, as he was, upon making a night of it.

They went to the Coal Hole, the Cellars, and Evans's,
Swore friendship eternal, forgetting old grievances—
And Stiggins, who hadn't been used to such happiness,
Declared that he ought to be shot for his sappiness,
He got elevated, and whispered confidingly
What he'd do if his lady should speak to him chidingly.
'Very proper,' says Jack, 'and you're in the right of it—
Vat's the odds—ain't ve happy, and making a night of it?

The faster away the cigars and the sherry went,
Thelouder the gentleman got in his merriment,
And offered to bet his friend Racket a pound or two.
He could floor all the waiters, he knew, in a round or two.

With that he let fly in a style quite artistical—
Smashed all the glass with a flourish majestical!
The waiters they soon made a general fight of it,
And Stiggins got thrashed through making a night of it!

He swallow'd champagne, and then talked of humanity,
And swore he'd a mission to teach Christianity,
And being in a state of oblivious hilarity,
Sallied forth on a search for some objects of charity,
He invited a coaley to come and take wine with him—
Shook hands with a sweeper, and ask'd him to dine with him,
Thus time passed away, while he laugh'd at the flight of it—
The Captain at home, he was making a night of it;

They say but one step from sublime to ridiculous,
And we all have queer notions when strange fancies tickle us;
So Stiggins shed tears when he spouted Theology,
And quoted from Scripture, and Heathen Mythology.
He swore that this world was a place full of vanity,
But Jack drop't a hint about grog and insanity—
He vowed he'd turn hermit—the other made light of it,
And left him to weep, after making a night of it.

All things have an end, and to joy an impediment—
In the cup of our pleasures there's always a sediment.
He was found in the gutter, drunk, muddy, and shivery,
And sent home at last by the Parcels' Delivery.
When he woke up, alas, and began for a rally to,
He found he was minus watch, money, and paletot.
Mrs. Stiggins's hand he soon felt the might of it,
And he's never been seen since making a night of it.

THE SPRIG OF SHILELEH AND SHAMROCK SO GREEN.

O love is the soul of a neat Irishman,
He loves all the lovely, loves all that he can,
With his sprig of shilelah, and shamrock so green,
His heart so good humoured, 'tis honest and sound,
No envy or hatred is there to be found
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,
For love, all for love, for in that he delights,
With his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair?
An Irishman all in his glory is there,
With his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.
His cloth spich and span new, without e'er a speck—
A new Bracelona tied round his neck,
He goes to a tent, and he spends his half-crown;
He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down,
With his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.

At evening returning as homeward he goes
His heart soft with whiskey, his head soft with blows,
From a sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.
He meets with his Shelah, who blushing a smile,
Cries—Get ye gone, Pat, yet consents all the while.
To the priest then they go, and nine months after that,
A fine baby cries, how d'ye do father Pat,
With your sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green?

Bless the country, says I, that gave Patrick his birth—
Bless the land of the oak, and its neighbouring earth,
Where grows the shilelah and shamrock so green.
May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed and the Shannon,
Drub the foe that would plant on our confines a cannon—
United and happy, at loyalty's shrine,
May the rose and the thistle long flourish and twine,
Round a sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green!

THE BIRTH OF ST. PATRICK.

Written by Samuel Lover, Esq.

On the eighth day of March it was, some people say,
That St. Patrick at midnight he first saw the day.
While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,
And 'twas all a mistake, between midnight and morn—
For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,
And some blamed the babby, and some blamed the clock.
Till with all their cross questions, sure no one could know,
If the child was too fast, or the clock was two slow.
Now the first faction fight in owld Ireland they say,
Was all on account of St. Patrick's birthday:
Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth more would die,
And who wouldn't see right, sure they blacken'd his eye!
At last both the factions so positive grew,
That each kept a birthday, so Pat then had two,
Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their sins,
Said, 'No one could have two birthdays, but twins.'
Says he, 'Boys, don't be fighting for eight or for nine—
Don't be always dividing, but sometimes combine.
Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark,
So let that be his birthday'—'Amen!' said the clerk.
If he wasn't a twin, sure our history will show,
That at least he's worth any two saints that I know.
Then they all got blind drunk, which completed their bliss,
And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

THE WONDERFUL NOSE.

A curious tale I now will disclose,
Concerning a man with a very large nose!
Like an elephant's trunk, it reached to his toes,
And with it could deal out some terrible blows.

Ri too ral, &c.

This wonderful nose he could swing left and right,
Which you all must allow look'd a comical sight;
No one dare come near him, so great was his might,
A blow from his nose would settle 'em quite.

This terrible chap was about nine feet high,
With a comical squint, and a mouth all awry;
Though bandy his legs, his heels were so light,
He'd just give a spring, and jump out of sight.

The hair on his head sprouted out like a leek.
And, whenever he spoke, 'twas a kind of a squeak:
He would oft with his nose toss up men for a freak,
And never come down, 'tis said, for a week.

This chap wore a hat, in shape like a bason,
With a brim wide enough for a donkey to race on;
And such a deuce of a fellow was he to take snuff,
That a pound at a pinch was hardly enough.

A party of nobles once travelled incog.,
To catch just a glimpse of this troublesome dog;
But the breath from his nose caused such a fog,
They stumbled head foremost bang into a bog.

At last came a sailor, with courage in store,
Who swore he would tackle this long-snouted bore;
But the nose made him jump like a grim pantaloon,
And tossed him so high he went bang through the moon!

The people around were gaping with fear,
When they saw the poor sailor his course upward steer;
So they took to their heels, and made the way clear,
For the force of the nose made them feel very queer.

The country was fill'd with wonder and dread,
So the queen at last set a price on his head
And so loud did he snore at night when in bed,
T'was said, if he lived, he would soon wake the dead!

Some guards from the queen at last made a gap
Through the doors of the house of this terrible chap:
They found him in bed, just taking a nap,
With the nose round his head in place of a cap.

They crept one by one tiptoe on the floor;
I think that in all there were near sixty score;
They tried to secure him—but mark what a bore!
He jump'd through the roof, and was never seen more.

The soldiers were all of them struck with affright,
When they saw Mr. Nosey cut clean out of sight;
And so angry were they he had taken his flight,
They set to and pummell'd each other all night!

THE POLITICAL BILLY BARLOW.

As Sung by Mr. A. Hollingsworth and Mr. Frank Short, the celebrated Comic Vocalists.

Since I saw you last I have seen some queer tricks;
I've been having a turn in the late politicks,
And a pretty set out I am going to show,
If you'll only listen to Billy Barlow.

O dear rackety O, a great politician is Billy Barlow.

Now, with a great deal of study I've found that of late,
There is certainly a screw loose in church and in state;
The church it wants sweeping both high and the low:
They'd should just give the sweeping to Billy Barlow.

O dear rackety O, what a fine church broom is Billy Barlow.

The bishops we know each has got a good stand,
And are all getting fat on the fat of the land;
But as sure as I live I shall speak to the Queen,
To give some of the fat of the land to the lean.
O dear rackety O, they should just make a bishop of Billy Barlow.

Now there's an old cock, the head man to the Queen;
I mean the old fellow they call Aberdeen.
They say he is penblind and is getting too slow;
They should make a P. P. of young Billy Barlow.
O dear rackety O, what a states man is Billy Barlow.

There's a great little man, Lord Mr. John Russell,
He made a Reform Bill in such a great bustle;
But was not good, and in course wouldn't go:
Let them find such a *Bill* as young Billy Barlow.
O dear rackety O, let 'em pay such a Bill as young Billy Barlow.

Now they've knock'd up a war just by breaking the peace:
A kitchen stuff war, for its all about greece;
But if I ruled the roast, I'd soon let them know
The difference between Aberdeen and Barlow.
O dear rackety O, what a clerk of the kitchen is Billy Barlow.

The good time that was coming they've frighten'd away,
The ministers now have a war game to play;
They so well pay Prince Albert I suppose he will go;
Let them give half as much to young Billy Barlow.
O dear rackety O, fight like a lion says Billy Barlow.

Now there's one thing I'm sure to you all must appear,
They are trying to rob a poor man of his beer;
And now to our fun they have give a death blow,
Eleven o'clock puts an end to the show.
O dear rackety O, at eleven o'clock, then to bed we must go.

HOIST HIGH THE FLAG AGAIN

Music by Purday, Holborn.

Hoist high the flag again,
The flag that never yields;
We'll waive it o'er the main,
O'er Europes warrior fields.
We'll waive it or the main,
O'er Europes warrior fields,
For justice and for right.

Our heroes man the deck;
To punish pride they fight,
And wild ambition check.
Unfurl the flag again,
The flag that never yields;
We'll waive it or the main,
O'er the main; we'll waive it o'er the main,
O'er Europes warrior fields.

Shall despots madly hold
Their barbarous hordes away,
And like the Goths of old,
With ruin pave their way.
And like the Goths of old,
With ruin pave their way.
Shall Europe bend the knee
Before the Northern Bear?

Must nations brave and free
His serf like livery wear?
Unfurl the flag again,
The flag that never yields;
We'll waive it or the main,
O'er the main; we'll waive it o'er the main,
O'er Europes warrior fields.

No vain is all his might,
And impotent his pride.
For Britain leads the fight,
And Gallia's by her side.
For Britain leads the fight,
And Gallia's by her side.
And they shall drive the foe
Back to his icy lair;
They'll chase him to his realms of snow,
And leave him howling there.

Unfurl the flag afar;
Brave France the glory share;
And home we'll chase the tyrant Czar.
Yes! home we'll chase the tyrant Czar,
And leave him howling there.

BONNY KATE OF THE EMERALD ISLE.

Air.—Boys of Kilkenny.

Come all pretty maidens, one moment draw near
And a tale of true love you shall presently hear:
In the land of sweet Erin a damsel did smile,
They called her bonny Kate of the Emerald Isle.

She was gay, young, and handsome, attractive and keen,
A blooming fair damsel, and aged seventeen,
She was courted by a ploughboy who on her did smile,
Was bonny young Kate of the Emerald Isle.

He was envied by squires and lords of renown,
On the hills with her lover she often sat down:
While the birds on the bushes did chatter awhile,
Dennis loved bonny Kate of the Emerald Isle.

As they tripped o'er the meadows one morning quite soon,
While the pink and the violet were all in full bloom:
The red blooming rose on those lovers did smile,
A young squire met Kate on the Emerald Isle.

He says, blooming damsel, can I make so bold,
To desire your hand I've ten thousand in gold;
I will deck you with jewels, with fortune you'll smile!
Oh, no! replied Kate of the Emerald Isle.

From my true love Dennis I never will part,
He has gained my affection, he lays in my heart,
Neither diamonds or jewels shall e'er me beguile,
While my name's bonny Kate of the Emerald Isle.

When he found all was useless, away he did go,
Swearing vengeance he'd prove their sad overthrow;
Then three ruffians in ambush, he placed with a smile,
To shoot Dennis and Kate on the Emerald Isle.

As Dennis and Kate did along bend their way,
Like a mountain they stood and were struck with dismay,
When a shot passed young Dennis, he looked round with a smile,
To compose bonny Kate of the Emerald Isle.

Three ruffians pounced on them and strove them to part,
But assisted by Cupid and his little dart,
Soon conquer'd the ruffians, so base and so vile
Did Dennis and Kate of the Emerald Isle.

Then to church they repaired, and the bells they did ring,
The birds on the bushes did merrily sing;
In a neat rural cottage young Dennis did smile,
With his bonny young Kate of the Emerald Isle.

MY UNCLE IS A MOST KIND-HEARTED MAN.

You have heard of my grandfather—wonderful man!
What things he could do, what things he could plan;
But another relation I've got, do you see,
That is just as great, or greater than he;
Tis my uncle I mean—he's a kindhearted soul,
As e'er kept a shop 'twixt the north and south pole.
To assist his relations was always his plan,
For my uncle he is a most kindhearted man

If your cash it runs low, and to him you go,
And ask him to lend, he never says no;
For plenty of money he has always afloat,
And what's more, he'll kindly take care of your coat—
Or shirt, too, or trowsers, or silken cravat,
If you wish it, he'll e'en keep the rain from your hat.

If your watch goes to fast, and it to him you take,
Two to one but a stop watch he'll soon of it make—
He'll take care that a thief from your fob don't pick it,
And ere you get it back, you'll exclaim 'That's the ticket!'
And if when at home you're in payments behind,
Take your uncle the bellows, he'll for you raise the wind.

Should you wish to get wed, he'll find you the ring,
And deck your wife out like the wife of a king—
If they don't suit you need only complain,
For uncle's so good, he'll take them again.
Aye, and carefully keep them till you may appear,
For he studies your interest year after year.
He'll always attend to each nephew and niece,
If you want a great coat, or a winter pelisse,
He'll pledge you his word the article's prime,
If you take his pledge, it's a pledge out of time—
Great interest he takes in relations affairs,
Says his principal interest is principally theirs.

Though his family's large, and some of them are poor,
Yet seldom he turns them away from his door—
He'll always remember they're to him akin,
Be they ever so poor, he'll sure take them in.
If you bring a flat iron, or Holland chemise,
And come to his terms, you're sure to agree.

If your cash it runs low and your credit's at stake,
He'll kindly assist you, for fear you should break—
He'll likewise take care of your jewels and lands,
For fear they should fall into other folks hands;
When the mortgage is due, and you can't raise the pelf,
Before it should be lost, he'd take them himself.

What a pity 'twould be if uncle should die,
If he was I think that I really should cry.
He's always so ready his friends to assist,
That by a good many he'd be very much miss'd;
So generous he is, that on all he has lent,
He never takes more than one hundred per cent.

BARNEY, BE AISY, AND LET ME ALONE.

Written by James Bruton.

At the town of Kilkenny lived frolicsome Kate—
As a yard of pump water her figure was straight,
An, oh, by de powers! a fine taste had she,
For 'mongst all the fellows she singled out me,
But first she was bashful, och hone!
And her heart was as hard as a stone!
For though I would sigh,
She'd coaxingly cry,
"Och, Barney, be aisy, and let me alone!",

At night in her cabin I spent all my hours,
And she swore that she loved only me by the powers!
Till one night a rumbling I heard 'neath the bed,
And who but Pat Murphy should pop out his head!
'Is it you?' said I, 'honey, och hone!
In your skin, sure, I'll break every bone!'
So wid dat I let fly,
Nor heeded his cry—
Och, Barney, be aisy, and let me alone!'

I bate Mister Pat into powder or nigh,
And then to frail Kitty I did bid good bye;
But things came about just nine months after dat,
She brought forth a gossoon, the picture of Pat!
Och! didn't she then change her tone—
'Sure, Barney, you know 'tis your own!'
But though she would sigh,
I'd constantly cry—
'Och, Katty, be aisy, and let me alone!'

THE FLOWER OF HIBERNIA.

Tune—Jenny Jones.

In the land of Hibernia there lived a young damsel,
As lovely a maiden as ever was seen;
Her cheeks were like roses, her breath sweet as violets,
Her hair black as coal and her age just sixteen.
She lov'd a young farmer who dwelt near the Shannon,
And he lov'd this young damsel so lovely and fair,
The lads and the lasses all loved this fair maiden,
The flow'r of Hibernia, the pride of Kildare

A lord of renown on her gazed with emotion,
And long'd to embrace her beautiful charms,
While no one but her farmer then would she encourage,
She walked in great danger and feared no alarms.
As she and her love walked alone by the river,
The loud voices of men they distinctly did hear,
When a press-gang came up and soon forced the young farmer
From the flow'r of Hibernia, the pride of Kildare.

Then in sad despair all alone she did wander,
Both early and late over valley and dale.
She wept for her lover her jolly young farmer,
And to Cupid oft told her sad sorrowful tale.
At length one fine morning the nobleman met her,
He gazed on her charms that was lovely and fair,
In raptures he cried, I will make you my bride!
You're the flow'r of Hibernia, the pride of Kildare.

He flattered, she spurn'd him, to his tales she'd not listen,
Her jolly young farmer was all her delight;
When he strove to embrace her, she indignantly spurned him,
At length to seduce her he tried with all might.
On the ground they both struggle'd, she would not be concur'd,
At length unperceived this young damsel so fair,
She a pistol let fly, crying, villian, no! die,
Did the flow'r of Hibernia the pride of Kildare.

Over high lofty mountains for miles she did wander,
Bereft of all comfort and far from her home,
No one to console her but birds in the bushes, [roam.
In sorrow and anguish long time she did
At length one bright morning when the sun was just dawning,
She heard a young sailor whose voice was so clear, [lover?
Crying 'I'm distracted, 'oh, where is my
The flow'r of Hibernia, the pride of Kildare
She knew his fond voice and quickly got near him,
At length she beheld him and flew in his arms. [him,
The fate of the lord she soon quickly told
As at length he embraced her most beauteous charms. [cottage,
They in wedlock were joined and now in a
Contented they banish all sorrow and care;
Like two turtle doves lives the jolly young farmer, [Kildare.
With the flow'r of Hibernia, the pride of

OUR COUNTRY IS OUR SHIP D'YE SEE.

Our country is our ship d'ye see,
A gallant vessel too,
And of his fortune proud is he,
Who's of the Albion's crew;
Each man whate'er his station be,
When duty's call commands,
Should take his stand
And lend a hand,
As the common cause demands.

Among ourselves, in peace, 'tis true,
We quarrel, make a route,
And having nothing else to do,
We fairly scold it out:
But once the enemy's in view,
Shake hands, we soon are friends,
On the deck,
Till a wreck
Each the common cause defends.

MONEY O!

Sung by Mr. Hollingsworth. J. A. Hardwick.

Air.—Charming Woman O!

What is that, we worship all?
Money, shining money O!
The brazen calf, to which we fall,
Money, glittering money O!
What makes wrong appear the right?
A hypocrite a christian quite?
And can almost wash a nigger white?
Money, Magic Money O!

What secures the world's respect?
Money, jingling Money O!
And make you hold your head erect,
Money, blessed money O!
What gains for you the entree,
Into lord's society,
Why that open sesame,
Golden key of Money O!

Who is he to whom all bow,
A fellow with the money O!
A perfect gemman all allow,
He who has the money O!
Crossing sweepers doff their tiles,
Shopmen, cringing, to him smiles,
And the girls display their wiles
For his yellow money, O!

Who is he, that's cuffed and kicked,
He who has no money O!
Out for scorn and jeering picked—
Him who's minus money, O!
All he says is thought offence,
Where he goes sheer impudence;
In fact, a wretch, of no pretence—
Oh, the power of money, O!

What can make deaf people hear?
Jingling the money O!
And these who're blind see very clear—
Showing 'em the money O!
How memory it will renew,
Friends instantly remember you—
"What, Jenks, my dear boy, how are you?"
If you've got the money O!

What's a politician's aim—
Power, place, and money O!
What's both whig and tories's game—
Money, power, &c.
Patriotism in his breast,
Glowing no self interest,
But the public money—cheat—is his object—
Money O!

What can melt a lady's heart—
Money, worthy money O!
She will ne'er bid you depart—
If you're any money O!
You may ugly be as sin,
Never mind, if you've the tin,
You'll cut all rivals out, and win—
By the power of money O!

What makes a man do many things—
Money, want of money O!
For which his conscience often stings—
Just to gain the money O!
What makes him ask a friend to lend,
Or else his watch to uncle send?
What worries him, unto his end—
Money, want of money O!

Take a bit of good advice—
If you've any money O!
I hope you'll all of you think twice—
'Ere you put your money O,
In a place, where you they'll chouse,
And your hopes for ever douse;
Like my british banking house—
You'll lose your money—O.

AT SYDENHAM GETTING JOLLY O!

By J. A. Hardwick. Sung by Mr. Giles.

Air.—Charming Woman O!

I've been to see the Crystal show,
Got so free and jolly O,
What will tell me, I don't know,
My dear spousy Polly O!
But she may storm and rave about,
I'm not going to slave about,
Now and then I'll have a bout—
There's nothing like being jolly, O!

My old friend Tubbs has hopped it off,
Lor, he's melancholy O!
The last glass up he mopped it off,
Drinking (hiccup) its a folly O!
I havn't got a blessed brown,
My guinea hat has lost its crown,
And the street door key I've dropped it down
The sinkhole, getting jolly, O!

I've got a lobster in my coat,
For my spouse Polly O!
And for my girl on whom I doat—
A nutta pecka dolly O!
I know my wife will fire away
At me, for stopping out this way,
'Cause, you see this was our wedding day,
And I'm getting jolly O!

Whatever can the reason be,
It must be my own folly O!
But two knockers on the door I see,
I'm getting melancholy O!
Phaps its the pickles what I've eat,
Or else it is the bread and meat,
It's not with drinking that I'm beat,
Oh no, I'm only jolly O!

But I hears the bobby walking round,
Standing here's a folly O!
My old girl's not coming down,
Soundly sleeps my Polly O!
There's a night house down the street,
I'll go and have a quartern neat,
So slumber on my darling sweet,
I'm off now to get jolly O!

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

THE "TINARLY."

Comic Song. J. A. Hardwick.

Air.—Kate Kearney.

Did you ever know the want of "tinarly"
And the pleasures of holding a parley,
With a creditor glum, for a paltry small sum
To liquidate, you'd no "tinarly"
Oh, then, you know how people's noses
Turn up, at your togs, anti-moses;
Then, cold poverty, shun it quickly, and flee,
For fatals, the want of "tinarly"

Did you e'er want enough loose "tinarly"
For a drop of extract of the barley,
When parched was your throat, and on trousers or coat,
Uncle would not advance the "tinarly?"
Oh, then, you know how looks grow colder,
And acquaintance give you the cold shoulder;
Nothing can beat, the keen sneers you meet,
When you're seedy, and minus "tinarly."

Was you ever left any "tinarly,"
By a friend, and then folks, once so snarly,
Grew suddenly bland, and extend the hand,
When they found you had touched the "tinarly."
Oh, then, you know what invitations,
Kind enquires, and congratulations,
On the state of your health, how to broadcloth and wealth,
Bow the worshippers down of "tinarly."

A fellow without any "tinarly,"
Out of fashion is, like an old "charlie,"
The door's on him slam'd he may die and be damned
For the world, if he has no "tinarly."
The TRUE Archimedian Lever,
(Excuse me I am no deceiver),
This Planet to move is gold so you'll prove,
Yes, the REAL lever is the "tinarly."

Then may you never want the "tinarly"
For rich is the humour of Harley,
Your keen hit may be, and quick repartee,
But you're lost if you have no "tinarly."
Tis the coat makes the man, not the mind, sir,
With the bulk of mankind, you will find, sir,
That's a rather hard view of the world, but its true.
Then, may ne'er want the "tinarly"

LOVE AND MOMEY.

Medley Duet. J. A. Hard—ick.

Air.—Sprig of Shillalagh.

HE.

Good morning, Miss Jenny, pray how do you do?
I've come, per appointment, to wait upon you,
And hope you will favourable look on my suit.
'Tis true, I've no riches, nor houses, nor lands,
But I've talent, a long head, and two willing hands,
To carve out a fortune, if you'll marry me—

SHE.

Well, sir, you dont want for assurance, I see,
Do you think I will wed such a penniless brute!

Air.—Sally, Sally.

SHE.

No, Harry, Harry, I'll not marry,
You must tarry, till you've found,
Fame, and fortune, 'ere I soften,
And your hopes with bliss are crowned.

Without money—not all honey,
Wedlock is, I will be bound;
'Ere you go, sir.—I must know, sir,
Have you got a thousand pound?

HE.

Jenny, Jenny, I've not any,
Once I'd many hundred pound;
But disasters—been my master,
And has sent me to the ground.
But, my honey,—what's mere money,
When the heart is whole, and sound?
And true love, Miss—far above is,
Many hundred thousand pound.

SHE.

Spoken—Ah, that's all very good, sir. But, if you've no wealth, what have you got?— Do you posses any accomplishments?

HE.—Why, yes, Jenny, I can—

Air.—Boatman Dance.

Dance, my dearest, dance, Dance, Miss Jenny, dance,
Dance all night, for your delight,
And dance, if you like, till the morning.
Heel and toe—this way I go—
Waltzing down the ball room, so—just so.

[A few steps to Indy Polka.]

SHE.—Well, if you can only dance, you've no need come dancing your heels after me. Can you do anything else?—

HE.—Certainly!—you've heard Sims Reeves, hav'nt you?—Well I can sing. Do you think this is anything like him.

Air.—County Courtship.

HE.

I'm young, and strong, tho' I've no wealth,
Fal-di-&c.
But a rich relations got bad health—
Kal-di-riddle-ol &c.
I'm the heir of my old uncle here,
I've lots of expectations, too—

SHE.

You dont expect to get me, do you?

Air—Mrs. Johnson.

HE.

Most certainly I do, my dear,
For that same purpose I come here,
And you for ever I'll revere—
If you'll be Mrs. Johnson.

SHE.

Well, I suppose it must be so,
I love you, Harry, that you know,
I was but trying you. Yes—no—
Yes, I WILL be Mrs. Johnson.

Air—St Patrick's Day.

BOTH.

Wealth is a bubble and only brings trouble,
If there's nothing but that and no love in the way
And as we love each other (I'll, you) go and ask mother,
To let us be wed in the morning.
As we travel this life may we always meet friends
Such kind ones as these this evening attends
Our efforts supporting—Now we've finished courting,
And we're going to be wed in the morning,
We're going to be wed in the morning.